

Quote

VOL. 3

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 23, 1942

NO. 8



"America is fighting for its life . . . If we lose the battle of Production, we lose the war. We must not have a shutdown anywhere on the production line . . . If in any plant a holiday is scheduled for next Monday—cancel it. If there is a disagreement as to the terms under which work will be done on Washington's Birthday—do the job and settle later"—DONALD NELSON, in a significant statement abolishing holidays in Defense industries for the duration of the war.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*

WORLD WEEK

America this week entered a new, and to many a painfully disillusioning phase of the war. Yankee Doodle is no longer Cock-a-Doodle. Belatedly has come the realization that no matter how heroic a fighting man may be, his effectiveness is circumscribed by training and equipment. In these respects the Armies of the United Nations in the Far East have been weighed and found wanting—a good deal.

In his unfamiliar role Average American is bewildered and more than a little resentful. He feels that too much has been kept from him for too long. Suddenly there has come the grim realization that as of today America and her allies are losing a war, and that something had better be done about it. He doesn't know *what* or *how*—but he craves ACTION.

THE FAR EAST: You will recall that in our year-end forecast we anticipated the complete blocking of the Burma Road by Japan. This threat now seems in a fair way to materialize.

Leaving the Indian consequences for later consideration, let us turn briefly to the portents for China. To begin with, cutting the Burma Road will not entirely stop the flow of arms, ammunition and supplies to China. Recalling the record time in which the Chinese constructed the Burma Road, it seems safe to assume that the alternate route from India must be about ready for service. This route is to start from the port of Calcutta, in India. There are rail facilities to Sadiya, in the province of Assam. This is near the Chinese border and about 700 miles from Chungking. Only about 400 miles of completely new road is required.

Then there is another little considered route—the old Marco Polo Road, which wanders between the deserts of Mongolia and the snows of Tibet. If the Japs make American shipping too hazardous in the Indian Ocean, as may presently come to pass, it is not improbable that we shall hear much more of the Marco Polo Road. This would involve shipment of supplies from the United States across the South Atlantic and Africa to Iran and Iraq; trans-shipment by rail thru Russia and across Siberia to Lanchow, in the Chinese province of Kansu. There is a fair motor road, recently improved from Lanchow to Chungking. This is of course a long, painfully circuitous route, but unless and until Hitler's hordes occupy Iran and Iraq, it is relatively safe. There seems, however, fair indication that Nazis will make these lands an early battlefield. What would happen under such conditions to this supply route cannot be readily foreseen.

Finally, there is the air. Already 100 huge freighter planes are traversing a regular route from Indian ports to China's capital. There are those who hold that the new Burma Road will be thru the stratosphere. It is an intriguing possibility.

Whether any or all these routes combined will suffice

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prophecies . . .

WASHINGTON: Despite her intimations to the contrary, our information is that Sec'y Perkins will soon resign. Her successor will not be Hillman, as commonly gossiped. Nor do we think that McNutt is slated for the post. Someone closer to the Labor picture, but not too definitely aligned with either faction.

Sec'y Hull, now vacationing in the South, will try at least to fill out the next few trying months. Pearl Harbor was a heavy blow. He is reported as weary and gravely concerned.

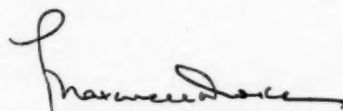
As March 15 approaches new army of small taxpayers is not displaying enthusiasm Treasury Dep't had hoped. Little fellow resents waste, delay; wants his dollars and dimes to do things NOW.

to service China's army of five and one-half million remains to be seen. We do not join the extreme pessimists who hold that China will seek an early peace. This, however, is a real possibility, and it is no secret that Chiang Kai-shek has more than once used the threat as a club to secure further Allied aid. The realistic truth is that we can never be too sure of either of our potential reservoirs of manpower—China and Russia. Anything can and may happen.

AUSTRALIA: The bombing of Darwin was of course not unexpected. We still hold to our belief, expressed last week, that Jap aim is to isolate Australian forces; keep them occupied; endeavor to cut supply lines. They may try to capture the port, but we think not now. Defenses extend deeply inland; are well concealed. In many practical respects, Darwin is more impregnable than Singapore.

ARUBA: Sinking of U. S. tankers and shelling of huge refinery by enemy U-boats was a shrewd and crippling move. Look for repeated attacks. Now that Dutch oil sources dwindle, Aruba refinery is increasingly important. Damage to this oil source would be terrible setback. And every tanker sunk is a telling blow.

. . . —Now some suggest "Bundles for Eleanor"—but how would they ever catch up with her?



Publisher.

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"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted."—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

"In our Labor Dep't we need a Bevin, not a Perkins."—WENDELL L. WILLKIE.

" "

"Without tires the modern mechanized farmer is a helpless economic slave chained to the 'food for freedom' machine. Moreover, cities and towns, depending on farm patronage will dry up as the tires blow out."—EDMUND C. FOUST, Editor, *The Hoosier Farmer*.

" "

"If Hitler could be saved to a loving Christian idea by a miracle of Thy divine grace, he could forward the cause of Christianity more rapidly than probably any other living person."—BISHOP J. RALPH MAGEE in a prayer for the conversion of Hitler, *The Christian Advocate*.

" "

"Whatever the sweet situation is or may become, there's no need for any of us to swipe sugar. In gaining sweetness that way, we lose it in character; and when this war is over, character is going to be the cornerstone of world reconstruction."—DALE HARRISON, in his *Syndicated Column*.

" "

"Less talk, more walk!"—A sign put up by the St. Louis Rationing Board who grew weary of arguing with applicants for automobile tires.

" "

"Christians of all faiths must unite and go forward if freedom is to survive this war. If we insist in dividing into separate sects and denominations, on the basis of our minor differences, our very souls will shrivel down to the level of these differences."—DR. PAUL CALVIN PAYNE, addressing International Council of Religious Education.

"May we
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you on that?"

"Politics is good in time of peace; in time of war, politics is indispensable. Without politics, our form of government could not exist, and without politics all that mankind has striven and fought and suffered and bled for down the centuries would cease to be."—CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND, Publicity Director, Republican Nat'l Committee.

" "

"I don't believe that 20% of our people realize we are at war. They will not realize this, apparently, until the first bombs start to fall."—Rev. EDMUND A. WALSH, V-P., Georgetown, U.

" "

"I like working with children and dogs because they get off early."—FRANK MORGAN, Motion Picture Actor.

" "

"We deaf can substitute for many called to bear arms. Paint is applied with a brush, not with ears. Noise cannot bother a deaf riveter. Give us a break."—DR. TOM L. ANDERSON, President, National Ass'n of the Deaf.

" "

"Don't forget that the cashiers in Japanese places are Chinese. The Jap trusts the Chinese, but doesn't trust the other Japs."—GEO. ADE, veteran author, commenting on his four visits to Japan.

"How would you like to enter into a stinking contest with a skunk and win the decision?"—STRICKLAND GILILAN, Humorous Commentator, arguing that U. S. must win the war without stooping to totalitarian tactics.

" "

"We are not going back to anything. We are going forward. We could not stop the march of progress if we wanted to, but we can do something about the direction of the changes."—CHARLES W. ELIOT, Nat'l Resources Planning Board.

" "

"Gentlemen. We are not going to dig copper merely to bury it again. Good day."—Production Chief DONALD M. NELSON, in response to casket makers plea for continued supply of copper for coffins.

" "

"None of the victories of the Axis could have been gained without this silent but very active partner—from the Battle of Poland to Pearl Harbor. His name is Complacency."—JAMES A. FARLEY.

" "

"Japan's most notable contribution to world culture during the past few years has been the invention of imitation Swedish matches that don't strike."—DEEMS TAYLOR.

" "

"Burn Your Old Papers; Don't Give Them to the Germans."—A command circulating thru Belgium in an effort to foil invader's attempt to recover tons of Nazi propaganda and re-use for same purpose.

" "

"You are going to have to place your women in war industries. Don't wait as England did. Prepare them now."—MARGARET BONDFIELD, former Minister of Labor for Great Britain.

Quote

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AIR RAID SHELTERS

A Representative from an eastern state recently wrote to the Library of Congress asking if it could supply him information concerning the whereabouts of the underground railway that connected the North and South during the Civil War. He was, he said, planning to submit to Congress a proposal that it be shored up and used for air-raid shelters.—"In the Wind," *The Nation*, 1-31-'42.

CHRISTIANITY—And Isms

The Christian religion could be imposed upon the communistic principle without doing violence to its economic and political purpose, the primary one of which is based upon the "brotherhood of men." The principles of the Christian religion cannot be imposed upon the Nazi philosophy without destroying the political base of the state. . . . The communistic ideal is that the state may evaporate and be no longer necessary, as man advances into perfect brotherhood. The Nazi ideal is the exact opposite—that the state is the supreme end of all.—JOSEPH E. DAVIES, *Mission to Moscow*, (Simon and Schuster \$3).

COMPARISON—Impossible

An Englishman in Hollywood sent home for his cook. In due course he took her to Santa Monica. "That's the Pacific" he said. "It's bigger than the Atlantic." She gazed for a moment at the expanse of ocean; then she said with respectful admiration, "Yes, I can see that."—G. B. STERN, *Another Part of the Forest*, (Macmillan, \$2.50).

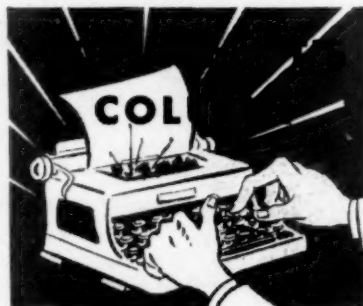
CONCEIT

Mark Twain was in a restaurant one day and found himself next to two young men who were putting on a great many airs and ordering the waitress about in a most impressive fashion. One of them gave an order, and told the waiter to inform the cook whom it was for. "Yes," said the other, "better tell him my name, too, so as to make certain of its being all right."

Mark, who disliked swagger, called the waiter in a loud voice, "Bring me a dozen oysters, and whisper my name to each of them."

DEFENSE—Production

The Army asked one automobile company to make a certain gun. The production executives were advised to study the methods in a Government arsenal. At the arsenal, the Army officer in charge explained that gun-making was a special art. He proudly



Don't let the War Drown Your Dreams

By RUTH MILLETT

Women like to plan ahead. Girls start planning the kind of husbands and houses they'll have some day years before they are old enough to marry. Mothers start thinking of their daughters in terms of beautiful 18-year-olds when they are still in their bassinets.

It's important to women's happiness to be able to look forward to something pleasant in the future.

For a great many women today the war has killed all future plans. They feel as though they don't dare plan any rosy future until the war is over and their men are free to make plans with them.

Since that is so, it is important that women find some happiness for themselves and their families in planning little things—just a few days or weeks ahead.

" "

Little trips, small family surprises, a week-end spent with old friends, purchases that have to be saved for. If a woman sees that she and her family always have some small pleasure to look forward to, if it is only a play to which they have tickets or a movie to which they are looking forward, she'll be doing something to help make herself and her family a little happier.

There aren't many things women can do today to make the world look a little brighter even for a few hours. But they can add in small measure the zest of expectation by having something always planned for tomorrow—or next week.

The woman who makes a point of doing that will be a more cheerful person to have around—when she's with her family, her friends, and her war work associates.

It's only a small thing—but it will make dark days a little less gloomy.—From Miss Millett's daily syndicated feature.

told the automobile makers that it required 400 man-hours to put one of those guns together. Each piece had to be filed and fitted by hand. Ten men working a 40-hour week were necessary to assemble the gun.

The automobile executives said if they couldn't beat that the war would be lost. They applied machine-precision methods so that the parts of the gun would need no filing to fit. Parts were interchangeable—you could bring the parts up in bins and put the guns together without any last-minute filing down. This company is assembling the guns in 14 minutes instead of in 400 man hours. That's what I mean by making the machine goosetep.—RAYMOND CLAPPER, in his Syndicated Column.

Echo in the Night

All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasure of the earth—our own excepted—in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years. . . . At what point, then, is the danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reaches us, it must spring up among us. It cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ERSATZ PRODUCTS

"We is going to get sympathetic rubber, Boss. Just don't you worry."—Washington negro cab driver, *Townsend National Weekly*.

GERMAN-ITALIAN RELATIONS

What the Nazi fighting men think of the Italian soldier has never been a secret but seldom has it been expressed with such pungency as in a magazine found by the British among captured German documents in Libya. Mimicking Italian war communiques, a story in the publication reported a desert engagement:

"On the Tobruk front a large force of Italians attacked one enemy cyclist, causing him to dismount. After heavy and prolonged fighting they were able to puncture his tires. The front wheel was destroyed, while destruction of the rear wheel must also be considered probable. The handle bars are in our hands, but possession of the frame is still contested."—*Newsweek*, 2-16-'42.

HISTORY—American

In one brilliant paragraph, Henry F. May, Jr. has written the sum knowledge of the average, otherwise ill-informed American concerning American history:

"First a succession of heroic explorers and colonists were led to these savage shores by Providence and destiny. They underwent a series of rather boring hardships and drew up a lot of important but complicated charters. The King started to oppress them, so of course they made a revolution and that entailed a constitution. The government went along very well for a while in the hands of a succession of great orators, and the country grew much larger. Suddenly people saw that slavery was wicked and started a Civil War, in which the South fought better, but the North was right. After that American history becomes extremely confused, and the main things to remember are that a lot of immigrants kept coming, and that the country grew richer and richer very fast. Everybody knows this story, knowing it better won't get you a job, and obviously there are more interesting things to study."
—*Harvard Alumni Bulletin*.

HUNTING—Hunters

A Pike County native, 80 years old, broke into the campfire conversation of a gang of hunters. The subject had turned to grouse hunting and the old Pennsylvanian casually made the remark that in all his many years of hunting grouse he had never missed a bird. The statement brought grunts of amazement and shouts of applause. Then the aged one added modestly, "Course I've he'rd tell of them fellers as can hit 'em flyin'!"—*Outdoor Life*, 2-'42.

Capitalism: the pelt of the squirrel belongs to the owner of the tree. Communism and fascism: the pelt belongs to the hunter. Utopia: it belongs to the squirrel.—MAX NOMAD, *The American Mercury*, 2-'42.

LABOR

A workman was standing with his hands in his pockets while the man beside him was working like a good fellow. The lazy chap would work a little then stick his hands in his pockets again and sky-gaze.

Finally the industrious man slapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Take your hands out of my pockets."

"Go to —" growled the loafer, "my

Famous daughter of a famous father, CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER enjoys both acting and literary laurels. In Soap Behind the Ears. (Dodd, Mead, \$2), she adds another title gem to her repertoire of writings. Excuse it, Please, Tiny Garments, and Dithers and Jitters. Laughing slyly at the foibles of people, places, and Cornelia Otis Skinner, she tinctures her subtle observations with humorous philosophy. Up-to-date and down-to-earth is the first article, "The Defense of Long Island," wherein with the spirit of "everything I have is yours" the author signs up for civilian defense:

There's lots going on these days down in our section of Long Island in regard to defense. . . . One quiet evening last month our local Paul Revere whizzed up to our front door, handed me a questionnaire and in a voice of splendidly controlled excitement as if the enemy were already at Patchogue, told me to fill it out. I squared my shoulders, tried to look like Molly Pitcher and told him I would. . . . I hastened inside to the nearest light and unfolded the questionnaire as if it had been a dispatch from General Washington's headquarters. It started out simply enough, inquiring the name, age, and nationality of each member of our household. Then it got complicated for after each individual was written "Experience" followed by a large question mark. I presumed that this meant of a nature that might prove of service to one's

Civilian Defense Questionnaire

country for it seemed hardly probable that in my own case the information "Broadway, summer stock and radio" would qualify me for anything much except a camp-follower. . . .

The next page began with a flattering inquiry into the variety and type of motors we were credited with. Aside from the family car, they asked how many and what sort of trucks and tractors did we have. They might as well have asked how many and what sort of locomotives and steam-shovels did we have. When it came to "Boats and Water-Craft" I could answer with a certain degree of satisfaction that we are the happy owners of a duck-boat, a canoe and two air-mattresses which, in the event of evacuating the island, might be pressed into service.

Under the startling heading of "Fire-Fighting Equipment" I assured them that they could count on us for 5 buckets, 2 Pyrene Extinguishers (small size) and a generous portion of Long Island Sound. . . . They then asked what live-stock we had, to which, after some hesitancy I replied "three dogs and a trained paraquet," later eliminating the word "trained" for fear my feathered friend might get drafted into the message-carrying service. The questionnaire ended with "MISC." I didn't quite know what to list here unless maybe "one archery outfit, two pairs of skis, some Cape Cod burners. Also scythes, pitchforks and the spirit of '76."

hands are in my own pockets—tend to your own business."

To which the other replied, "They are in my pockets, because here I am working my head off and you are loafing half the time. There is only so much work to get out. Every cent that you get that you don't earn comes out of me, who earns more than I get, so take your 'mits' out of my pockets and get busy."—*Trumbull Cheer*. Trumbull Electric Co.

LANGUAGE—Japanese

The Japanese language in late years has taken over bodily at least nine thousand words from English, among them *kohi* ("coffee"), *boto* ("boat"), *maifu* ("knife"), *stoppu* ("stop"), *bese boru* ("baseball"). Women conductors on the buses notify the drivers to proceed by shouting *averi!* ("all right"), and "O. K." is heard more frequently in Japan than in America.—NORMAN LEWIS, "Japan Speaks," *The English Journal*, 2-'42.

MARRIAGE—Proposal

An advertising man guaranteed his proposal of marriage with this offer: "If our marriage does not prove satisfactory your name will be cheerfully refunded."

MOTION PICTURES—
In Wartime

RKO, commenting on its production of "The Turtles of Tahiti" with Charles Laughton, says that its own Tahiti—a papier-mache island floating in a studio in Culver City, bathed in the light of a paper moon and lapped by a cardboard sea—will be much more like Tahiti of song and story than the real Tahiti.

The Tahiti of song and story doesn't exist any more. Tahiti is a French possession, and the split in the French nation has divided Tahiti against itself. The friendly, carefree place of the travel booklets is no more.—*Chicago Sun*.

MUSIC—Of War

There is so much music with an air raid. The most beautiful sound is the echo of the guns which returns on a deeper note, like the bass of a Beethoven chord. The total effect is as though two types of music were being played together, formal chords with overtones of jazz thrown in. The peculiar whistle, which one soon learns to recognize, of bombs falling in the neighborhood, is like a dash of Gershwin overlaying a classic symphonic background. —MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE, "I Saw the Moscow Blitz," *Vogue*, 2-15-42.

NAZISM—Artifices

A Nazi plane crashed in Occupied France. German officials immediately ordered the Nazi emblem on the plane be painted out and the RAF emblem substituted. The painter called upon to do this carried out his orders carefully even to the point of putting up a sign which read: "WET PAINT!" —Condensed from CHARLES J. ROLO's *Radio Goes to War*, (Putnam's, \$2.75).

NEWSPAPERS—In Wartime

From the war-packed newspaper reader:

"There never was a time when there were so many who knew so little about so much."

OCCUPIED COUNTRIES—**Defiance**

Sverre Riisnaes, one of the more active Quisling satellites in Norway, likes to crack the whip.

Last month, for instance, he summoned an un-Nazified Oslo attorney to his office.

"It is my duty," he said, "to inform you that your license to practice law has been revoked for life."

The attorney merely looked Riisnaes coldly in the eye.

"Whose life?" he asked.

—*News Flashes from Czechoslovakia Under Nazi Domination*, 1-26-42.

PHILOSOPHY

In a baseball game between two negro teams, the slugger of one team, who was also a church deacon, was at bat. The pitcher slung one right down the middle, waist high. The deacon let it go. The umpire yelled, "Ball!" The next pitch came high and inside, right at the deacon's head. As he ducked the umpire yelled, "Strike!!!" The deacon started angrily for a second. Then he muttered softly, "De Lawd giveth, an' de Lawd taketh away." —HARRY EVANS, *Baseball Magazine*, 2-42.



Volunteer members of Rationing boards are concerned lest increasing list of rationed products will involve them in too many time-taking tasks. Solution: Gov't will employ more salaried clerks, leave boards free for consultation in special cases. . . Schoolteachers distributing sugar cards have been assured duties will not involve service during vacation months.

Farmers insist modern mechanized agriculture cannot run without rubber. Farm Bureau heads of 10 mid-west states meet this week to see what can be done.

Gov't officials deeply concerned because too many Defense bonds given as Christmas gifts and year-end bonuses are now being converted to cash. . . But at least they won't have to worry about Wm. F. Kaiser, of Granite City, Mo., who has pledged to buy and burn a \$25 Defense bond on the 7th day of each month, in memory of Pearl Harbor. After each bonfire, he writes Treasury relinquishing claim for the bond. . . In case you're interested, it takes 15 lbs. of pennies to equal a Defense bond of \$25 value. Our informant is a Danvers, Mass., bus driver who has bought 3 bonds with penny savings.

The Japanese call each year after a different animal. We learn with profound interest that 1941 was the year of the snake. And 1943, we are informed, is the year of the goat.

Quite a few valuable volumes are turning up in the current "Books-for-Soldiers" drive. They are being sold and proceeds turned into new books. Books most desired: action stories, westerns, detective tales. . . Since Army frowns on X's in letters to or from soldiers, young lovers now sign off with 88; it's ham radio symbol for love and kisses. . . If you receive cable from your soldier boy headed "Sans Origine" don't try thoughtlessly to locate point on the map. It's indication your young Rollo is "on location" at undisclosed point. Literal translation is "without origin."

RADIO

One time "Information Please" (popular quiz program) was sued for \$17.62. . . (During the program) the three men were adjured to shut their eyes and tell the colors of their neckties. Mr. James J. Behr was driving thru Boston, Mass., with his radio on. He heard that query, closed his eyes, hit the car ahead of him, and paid \$17.62 for fender damage. —FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, "Inside 'Information, Please!'" —*Harper's*, 2-42.

" . . . as the Romans do"

For a campaign against armchair strategists, the Army has drafted Lucius Aemilius Paulus, who led Rome's legions against the Macedonians in 168 B.C. On the door of Brig. Gen. A. D. Surles' public relations office hangs this still timely speech by the consul:

"At every table there are people who lead armies into Macedonia. . . If anyone thinks himself qualified to give advice respecting the war . . . let him come with me into Macedonia. . . But if he thinks this too much trouble and prefers the repose of a city life, let him not . . . assume the office. . . The city in itself furnishes abundance of topics for conversation; let it confine its passion for talking within its own precincts." —*Newsweek*.

RECREATION—In Wartime

During the last war John Golden went to Washington to prevent, if possible, the closing of the theatres. He was met with a categorical refusal. The theatre, he was told, was a luxury. That evening he went to the theatre with President Wilson, weary head of a warring nation, and Admiral Grayson, the President's doctor. Pale, stern, and almost exhausted, Wilson was laughing and gay before the evening was over. Grayson turned to Mr. Golden: "You see, I have taken all medicine away from the President and prescribed the theatre." The surprised doctor was rushed out into the lobby and brought face to face with authority. He was made to repeat his remark, with the result that theatres were not closed. —*Theatre Arts*, 2-42.

SALESMANSHIP

"Well, what are you selling?" growled the gruff prospect, looking up from his desk.

"N— nothing, sir" stammered the timid tyro, "and is my boss raising hell."

SARCASM

A college football game was in progress, but the team which was expected to win never really got into the game at all. At the end of the first half the score was 6-0 against them. Those boys knew what they were going to face when they went back to the dressing room; they knew that the coach would come in and bawl them out. So they sat down and waited. No coach came. They grew more tense and anxious, waiting, and no coach came. The minutes dragged slowly by, but no coach came. Then just at the time for the second half to start, the coach poked his head in the door and said, "All right, girls, it's time for the second half."

They won the game by three touchdowns.—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, "Life is What we Make it," reprinted in *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, 1-30-'42.

How to Get a Room in Washington . . .

One way to get a hotel room in Washington is to find out where a new hotel is being built in or near the city. You go to the cite and make yourself generally useful, swinging a pick on the excavation, carrying a hod as the foundations are laid, catching rivets for the construction gang, and so on until the hotel takes form. You pick yourself a nice room from the blueprints, and hang around as the finishing touches are being put on. Finally the room is completed, along with the rest of the hotel, so you help carry in the furniture just as if you worked there. Then, as the last employee walks out of the bedchamber you quickly grab up the "Do Not Disturb" sign from the dresser, lasso the outside door-knob with it, and lock yourself in.—

United States News, 2-13-'42.

SECRECY—Government

All the government offices in Washington are, of course, trying to contribute as much waste-paper as possible to the war effort. However, there's one obvious difficulty; namely, that the wastepaper will fall into the hands of spies. One bureau we've heard of has successfully co-ordinated its anti-spy and trash-collecting activities. Every day a functionary with a burlap bag makes the rounds of the desks, inquiring softly, "Any secret trash for the confidential junkman?"—*The New Yorker*.

American Scene

What's Toe Dancing Got to do With Defense?

By H. I. PHILLIPS

"I know an amusement world star who just fired her agent," declared Elmer Twitchell today.

"What for?" asked Brother Luke.

"He hadn't been able to land her a good job on the Office of Civilian Defense at Washington," snapped Elmer.

"What's going on down there?" asked Luke. "I see where they've got a night club dancer as well as a Hollywood glamour man in good jobs. What is this organization, a simple, efficient organization to protect us in the pinches or another project?"

"You've got me," admitted Elmer. "Melvyn Douglas is Arts council chief at \$8000, Mayris Chaney, a dancer, is director of children's activities in the physical fitness division. There's a program director at \$8000 and an operations director at the same price. What's the idea?"

"The setup looks like anything but a serious body," said Luke, shaking his head. "What has art got to do with scrambling from an open window?"

"Search me!" exclaimed Elmer. "The word is arts, not art, and it refers to the radio, press, screen and music world. You can't do anything serious in this country any more without giving the entertainment angle a big play. Look at the treasury department—it had to get Walt Disney's animated cartoons to get across the tax message."

"And Irving Berlin to write a song to make tax paying more appetizing," added Luke. "Maybe it's all right. This country has been amusement crazy for years. They might as well name a few acrobats, adagio dancers and jugglers to key jobs."

"The Home Defense thing is mighty serious business," put in Elmer, "and it rates warm support, but some of its feature still elude me. I thought the main idea in the Civilian Defense setup was to produce fortitude and calm behavior in case the Heinies start bombing our home grounds. Where do dancing lessons come in? Don't tell me we have got to scam under that heavy kitchen table in rhythm to suitable music."

"All I hope," said Luke, "is that in this home defense business we don't have to defend ourselves from too many defense officials."

"Maybe I am all wrong as usual," said Elmer, "but it seems to me that if any proposition in America calls for a simple, plain, setup and no frills it is the Civilian Defense program. The less cluttered up it is with charts, blueprints, hints and office holders the better."

"Right!" declared Luke. "Comes a bombing and what's the requirement? Just to keep the folks cool and safe. There's no time for advice by the toe dancing division or the music committee."

"And I hope I don't have to be rescued by an arts council," concluded Elmer, leaving in high temper.—From Mr. Phillips' Column, *The Once Over*.

THRIFT—Scotch

A number of unexploded bombs fell on the north-east coast of Scotland and were discovered in fields or out-of-the-way places. Local inhabitants were asked, on finding a live bomb, to inform the police immediately. One old farmer, however, appeared at the police station long after the bombs had been dealt with. When asked why he had come, he replied laconically, "I've a bomb in ma neep park (turnip field)."

"Then why not come before?" the Police demanded. "There've been no bombs dropped your way lately!"

"Ay, A know tha' verra weel," the farmer answered. "A worked the two days tae lift a' ma neeps, raun' about, afore A tellt ye—for A kent fine ye'd hae blown them a' tae bits!"—PHYLLIS BORTOME, *Mansion House of Liberty*. (Little, Brown, \$2.50).

WEATHER—Russian

One fellow seems to have the inside dope on the war. "Yep, that cold weather is on Russia's side," he asserts. "They know how to fight in that kind of weather. They just roll out their tanks, put some anti-freeze in their anti-freeze, and off they go."

GENS FROM Yesteryear

Polly-voo
By MARK TWAIN

There are many who hold—and with considerable justification, we think—that SAMUEL CLEMENS never wrote better humor than in the interminable dialogues between Huck Finn and Jim, the black slave boy. This excerpt, from The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, is the record of a conversation while Huck and Jim are hiding out on an island in the Mississippi.

"Why, Huck, doan' de French people talk de same way we does?"

"No, Jim; you couldn't understand a word they said—not a single word. . . . S'pose a man was to come to you and say Polly-voo-franzty—what would you think?"

"I wouldn't think nuff'n; I'd take en bust him over de head—dat is, if he warn't white. I wouldn't 'low no nigger to call me dat."

"Shucks, it ain't calling you anything. It's only saying, do you know how to talk French?"

"Well, den why couldn' he say it?"

"Why, he is saying it. That's a Frenchman's way of saying it. . . . Looky here, Jim; does a cat talk like we do?"

"No, a cat don't."

"Well, does a cow?"

"No, a cow don't nuther."

"It's natural and right for 'em to talk different from each other—and different from us, ain't it?"

"Why most sholy it is."

"Well, then, why ain't it natural for a Frenchman to talk different from us?"

"Is a cat a man, Huck?"

"No."

"Well, den, dey ain't no sense in a cat talking like a man. Is a cow a man—er is a cow a cat?"

"No, she ain't either of them."

"Well, den, she ain't got no business to talk like either one er the yuther of 'em. Is a Frenchman a man?"

"Yes."

"Well, den! Dad blame it, why doan' he talk like a man? You answer me dat!"

I see it warn't no use wasting words—you can't learn a nigger to argue. So I quit.

Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

A long queue waited outside the shop. On the door was a notice: "Opening at 10 a. m."

They waited patiently—but there were mutterings of indignation as a little old man tried to insert himself at the head of the queue. He was told to get to the back of the line.

He tried again lower down, with the same result.

"All right, then," he said. "I shan't open the shop"—and walked away.—*The Financial Post, (Canada).*

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

BENNY GOODMAN

Two violinists of international repute, who were divided by a gulf of professional jealousy, happened to attend the funeral of another famous musician. One of the violinists had been requested to play for the funeral ceremony by the wife of the deceased colleague. This was quite a slap in the face to the other violin virtuoso and his friends were quick to sympathize with him after the ceremony.

"Don't think I didn't enjoy Blank's recital," he countered. "It was the first time in my life I could listen to a Blank concert without applauding."

Ithaca, Mich., is a town where an expense account of \$50 is almost an impossibility. Nevertheless, a reporter on a certain Detroit newspaper turned in an expense account after covering a murder trial at Ithaca for \$275.

The state editor looked over the expense account carefully. "H'm," he said, "\$10 for flowers for the court stenographer, \$15 for the scrub lady in the jail, \$15 for the turnkey to interview the prisoner, \$12 for cigars for the prisoner, okay. . . . okay." He continued to read down a long list of itemized expenses. At the very end was the straw which broke his temper—"Good will—\$100."

"Good will? Good will!" the state editor hollered. "What's that for?"

"Why," the reporter graciously replied, \$50 for the sheriff; \$50 for me. It's just as important that this newspaper have my good will as the sheriff's, isn't it?"—*Editor & Publisher.*

At a Democratic rally in northern California, the Lieutenant Governor was doing the honors for the Governor was ill. Speaking just ahead of Will Rogers, he commented that Will was conceited just like all actors for instead of listening he was whispering to his companion. When Will rose to speak, he apologized to the Lieutenant Governor and added this explanation:

"The reason my whispering created such a disturbance was that I asked the lady next to me 'Who is that man talking?' She didn't know so she asked the gentleman next to her, and he asked the lady next to him, and you know it had to go all the way down the aisle and over there by the door. And when they found out, it had to come all the way back."—BETTY ROGERS, *Will Rogers*, (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.75).

WISECRACKS of the Week

When they start eating less sugar, maybe the women won't need the rubber girdles they may not be able to get.—*New York World-Telegram.*

Generals are dying—Von by Von.—*New York Daily Mirror.*

He who thinketh by the inch and speaketh by the yard should be dealt with by the foot.

A woman can be mighty sweet when she wants.

It's getting so a guy can't write bad checks anymore—no rubber.—*Chenute Field Wings.*

The man who is waiting for something to turn up might start with his shirt sleeves.—*Phoenix Flame.*

In London the other day a man was seen running along the Strand shouting at the top of his voice, "No! No! Certainly not!"

A policeman stopped him and said: "'Ere, you, what's the idea?"

"It's all right, officer," was the reply, "I'm a 'Yes' man on holiday."—*The Financial Post.*

